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## A STORY OF THE TABLE D'HOTE.

LAST autumn, while residing for a short time in Paris at an hotel adjoining the Rue St Honoré, at which was a table d'hôte or ordinary, resorted to both by the inmates of the house and by strangers, I had an opportunity of hearing the relation of a number of incidents by different individuals, which did not fail to interest me. It is not customary at these Parisian ordinaries to sit after dinner, as in England; all retire immediately after the important matter of dinner is discussed. On the occasion I mention, however, there happened to be five or six English and Scotch residing at the hotel, and, by a natural feeling of nationality, they fell into a species of acquaintance with each other, and made a practice of sitting an hour or so after dinner, when all the French and other gentlemen had retired, telling one another where they had been, what they had seen in their various tours, and on what routes they intended to proceed, and so forth—all the while sipping some of those light, delicate, and refreshing wines for which the capital of France is so famous. At these pleasing after-dinner chats—enlivened as they were by the buoyancy of feeling which is usually produced by travelling, the delightful sunny atmosphere which prevailed both within and without, and the humming sounds of music, played by a band of wandering Italian minstrels in the court in front of the hotel—I was, as may easily be supposed, a willing listener. There was one gentleman in particular, an Englishman, approaching middle age, and of cheerful aspect, who entertained the company with the recital of several interesting stories and incidents, both of a tragic and comic nature, in which he had chanced to be an actor in the course of his extensive wanderings. He was, as he informed his auditors, a person who, for several years, had devoted his time and fortune to travelling. Journeying from country to country had become to him a passion, like that of the adventurous Sinbad. It was immaterial to him what route he pursued; change of scene, for the sake of health and recreation, was his principal object. He had visited most parts of Europe, from the North Cape to the Pillars of Hercules, and was now in Paris previous to setting out to Marseilles, whence he intended to proceed to Alexandria, in Egypt, with the view of visiting the Cataracts of the Nile. He spoke the French, German, Italian, and some other tongues, with fluency; very frequently travelled on foot, with little else in the shape of luggage than his purse and his passport, and with no other arms than a pretty stout walking-stick, which could be used with advantage as a cudgel in genuine English style when necessity required.

It was this gentleman's custom, as I have mentioned, to entertain the company after dinner with the relation of some amusing incidents in which he had been personally engaged; and one afternoon, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of executions, and the danger of juries condemning prisoners on circumstantial evidence, he was pleased to relate the following story, as one of the most extraordinary of its kind which had come within his knowledge, and which will be found to be verified by the records of the supreme criminal court of the country in which it took place.

Having resolved to visit Denmark, I embarked on board a vessel bound for Elsinore, where I arrived in good health and spirits, after a very delightful passage. I visited, of course, the Castle of Cronenburg, a magnificent edifice built by Frederick II., and from the ramparts I enjoyed a prospect of surpassing beauty. Beneath lay the Sound, covered with a multitude of

vessels; innumerable boats were gliding round the ships. Every object on the rocky coast of Sweden was distinctly seen, while, on the Danish side, the island of Zealand seemed one vast and luxuriant garden. I shall pass over my visit to the celebrated vaults of the Castle and to Hamlet's garden, and transport myself at once to Copenhagen.

After having satisfied myself with a minute survey of the Danish capital, I began to explore the surrounding country; and being an excellent pedestrian, I used often to ramble about from dawn to sunset, seeking rest and refreshment in any cottage that chance threw in my way.

In the course of one of these rambles, and while proceeding in the direction of Elsinore, I was overtaken by a sudden storm. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed, and the rain came down in such torrents, that, hardy as I was, and inured to such accidents, I was fain to look round for shelter; and observing a cottage through an opening in the trees, I hastened towards it. My request for shelter was cheerfully complied with, by Peter Jansen, the owner of the cottage; his wife kindly pressed me to take some refreshment, while their daughter brought me a seat. Being well acquainted with the Danish language, I entered into conversation with the good old man. "You seem to be very comfortable here," said I. "Yes, truly, that I am," he replied; "I have reason to be contented with my lot: I have sufficient means for the support of my family; I have a good wife, a son to work for me, and," continued he, looking at his daughter with a good-humoured smile, "a daughter to plague me." The old man went on to tell me that his son, Joseph, who was daily expected home, was a sailor, and that his daughter, who was betrothed to a young sailor, a shipmate of her brother, was in the service of a lady residing near Copenhagen, who had permitted her to spend a few days with her parents. So soon, however, as the important business of preparing the winter provisions of the family was over, she was to return to her parents' house, when the wedding was to be celebrated. There was an appearance of so much worth and goodness about these simple people, that I willingly complied with their invitation to remain all night under their roof. After having partaken of their frugal repast of rye-bread, milk, and eggs, I was conducted to a neat chamber, where I slept as sound as a top till next morning. Soon after breakfast I took leave of my hosts, who would not accept of any remuneration from me, saying that if his sailor boy ever visited my fatherland, England, I should repay what I had received in kind. This I promised to do; and after having accepted an invitation to witness the marriage of Elise with Eric Polsen, I set out on my return to Copenhagen. I had not, however, proceeded far when I heard some one running after me, and calling on me to stop. I turned round, and was surprised to see Elise running up the hill, quite out of breath with the haste which she had made to overtake me. I observed that she held something in her hand, which, on her nearer approach, I discovered to be my purse. "Oh, sir," cried she, "I was so afraid I would not overtake you. You left your purse on the table, and we were so vexed, for we did not know where to send it to you; and what would have become of you without your purse in a foreign land?" "Why, my amiable Elise," I replied, "if all hearts were as good and as kind as those I found under your roof, I should not have missed it much." I pressed her to take a piece of gold, but she steadily refused; and after reminding me of my promise to be present

at her marriage, and expressing many good wishes for my journey, she returned home, and I pursued my way to Copenhagen, which, however, I soon after left on a tour through the country.

I returned to the capital a short time previous to the period fixed for the marriage of Elise, and my employment on arriving in Copenhagen was to purchase for her a quantity of bridal finery, and some useful household furniture; and on a clear fine morning, I set out to visit my former host.

On approaching the cottage, I observed that an unusual stillness reigned around. The door was closed, and the curtain of the little window of the room which the family generally occupied was closely drawn. I feared that some evil had befallen them. I knocked softly, but no one seemed to observe it; so I lifted the latch, and entered. But how were my feelings shocked at the scene which met my view! The good old man sat with his hands over his eyes, apparently overwhelmed with grief; his snow-white hair hung in disorder round his face. His wife stood leaning over him, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, while a tall handsome youth, in a sailor's dress, was pacing about the room, while big tears rolled down his sunburnt cheek. I looked round for Elise; she was not there, and I doubted not that her parents were mourning her loss. "My good friends," said I, advancing, "I sympathise in your affliction; this is a sad stroke for parents to suffer." "You have heard, then?" said Peter, in a stifled voice. "I have heard nothing," I replied; "but I find you in grief: I do not see your daughter: she has been taken from you: lament not too deeply an early death: she has been removed, but, I trust, to a happier country." The old man groaned. "Joseph," said he to the young sailor, "tell him your sister's state; I cannot." "Although all Denmark were to pronounce her guilty, I will not credit it," exclaimed Joseph, with impetuosity; "but what boots it," continued he, dashing away a tear; "who will believe me?"

A considerable time elapsed before the sufferers were sufficiently composed to inform me of the cause of their grief, of which I at length collected the following particulars.—A few days after I had last visited them, Elise returned to the family in whose service she was engaged. About this period, her mistress, Madame Muller, began to complain of missing valuable articles of wearing apparel, which Elise, under whose charge the articles were placed, declared must have been stolen from the paddock in which the clothes were dried. The losses at first were few, and Madame Muller, after enjoining a more strict watch to be kept, passed them over; but this seemed only to embolden the culprit: and when damask napkins, laces, and many other expensive articles, disappeared, madame became exasperated, and charged Elise with having secreted them. Elise protested her total innocence, but in vain. The articles had been especially committed to her charge: they had been put into the paddock to dry: this paddock, which afforded pasture for a cow, was surrounded by a wall so exceedingly high as to render it impossible that any one would venture over it. What made the affair appear still more against poor Elise, was the fact that these thefts were committed in open day, the clothes never being left in the green after dusk, and also that the window of the laundry looked into the paddock; so that, if any one had come over the wall, Elise must have seen them. Poor Elise could only declare that she put out the things to dry; that she had seen no person enter the paddock; but what became of the things, she knew not.

Matters were in this state when a small silver spoon disappeared; a servant recollected having seen it in Elise's hand, who said that she had been using it for making starch, and that she laid it down on the outer sill of the laundry window for a few minutes, while she went up to her mistress's chamber with some clothes, and that when she returned the spoon was gone. The servants all being examined, swore that they had never gone near the window, and that no one but the family had entered the house: in short, every one believed that Elise was secreting these things for her new household; she was charged with theft, and committed to prison, and the time appointed for her trial was fast approaching.

You may well suppose how much I was distressed by this account. The silent affliction of the parents, and the more stormy grief of the young and ardent sailor, affected me deeply. "My friends," said I, "do not despair. She is innocent: I am certain she is innocent." As I said this the young man wrung my hand. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "what a comfort it is to hear these words; but how shall we be able to prove her innocence?" "I can declare, what at least is presumptive proof, that she is incapable of committing this crime," I replied; and I then reminded them of the incident of her bringing me the purse, and of her refusal to accept of the gold I offered her—circumstances which I hoped would weigh greatly in her favour.

My exertions to console these good people were not without effect, and they gradually became more composed. I learned from them that Joseph was to return next day to Copenhagen, to take every possible step to prove the innocence of his sister, and that Eric Polsen was already there, and eager to assist in clearing the fame of his betrothed. The greater part of the night was spent in discoursing on this melancholy subject. Early next morning I returned to the city, accompanied by Joseph; and I repaired without delay to the prison, where I was permitted to see my young friend, with whom I had a long interview. If any doubt of her innocence had arisen in my mind, her demeanour would alone have been sufficient to dispel them. Her ingenuous countenance was indeed clouded by grief, but no secret feeling of guilt troubled her calm brow. I conversed a long time with her, but without gaining any information which could lead to the discovery of the real culprit. I learned that she was on the most friendly terms with all her fellow-servants; that they gave evidence against her with the greatest reluctance; and that they all bore the highest testimony to her character, previous to the time at which these thefts were committed. I shall not dwell on the details of the trial: suffice it to say, that the proofs of her guilt, upon the strongest circumstantial evidence that could be produced, appeared beyond a doubt. It was proved by the witnesses that the articles missing had been in Elise's hands the last time they were seen; and it was shown in an especial manner that the silver spoon, of which she was accused of robbing her mistress, had disappeared in such a way that no one else could have taken it. The unfortunate Elise could urge no defence that made any impression on her judges. In their opinion, she was clearly convicted of the heinous offence of carrying on a regular depredation of her mistress's property; and, according to the cruel laws of the country, was condemned to death.

You may easily imagine, gentlemen, that the announcement of such a barbarous sentence—granting even that the poor girl had been guilty—was calculated to harrow up the feelings of all who were any way acquainted with the culprit's character, her family, and her prospects of future happiness. I took on myself the painful task of breaking the afflicting intelligence to the parents; but the shock was so severe as to lay the good old man on a sickbed, from which it seemed more than probable that he would never rise. Joseph stifled his own grief, and strove to console and comfort his sister under this terrible stroke. But the grief of Eric would not be controlled, and a brain fever was the consequence of the agonies of his mind. I never allowed a day to pass without visiting the poor prisoner. Conscious of her innocence, she had never ceased to believe that this would be manifested, till the fatal sentence put a period to her hopes; but she bore her affliction meekly, and courageously prepared to meet her fate.

The more that I saw of the unhappy Elise, the more did I feel myself interested in her case. I perceived she was the victim of some extraordinary mystery, which would sooner or later be cleared up,

and establish her innocence; but, in the meantime, she would be put to an ignominious death, and it would serve little purpose to have her innocence proved after she had yielded up her life. With these impressions on my mind, I lost no time in trying to procure a delay to her execution, or a mitigation of her sentence, in which I was assisted by the humane clergyman who attended her in prison. Through the kindness of the British ambassador, I procured an audience of one of the principal men of the court, who filled an office resembling that of our English Secretary of State. To this nobleman I communicated all that I knew and felt respecting Elise's case, the honesty of her family, and her own hitherto unimpeachable character; and besought him to procure for her the merciful interposition of the reigning prince. "Stay but the execution for a few weeks," said I, "and I have no doubt whatever but the innocence of the young woman will in that interval be made apparent." My urgent representations did not, however, seem to be of much avail: the baron was a courteous, but a somewhat positive man: he did not like it to be supposed that he required any one to suggest the line of policy which he should follow. Bowing me out of the bureau, he said he would think of what I had represented to him, and see what could be done. Elise's religious attendant was at the same time busy in another quarter, and we yielded ourselves to a faint hope that the execution would be stayed, or the punishment altered.

Day after day fled, yet each descending sun shone upon Elise at the grating of her dungeon. Time flies on with frightful rapidity, when the moments are counted by those who are condemned to die on the scaffold. The eve of the day of execution at length arrived, and it harrows up my very soul when I recall to remembrance the horrible preparations which were making for the taking away of the life of one of the most simple and amiable creatures that ever breathed. That night I could not retire to my place of residence in the town; I wandered round the prison in a sort of distraction, while the stillness was ever and anon broken by the noise which the workmen made in erecting the scaffold, and preparing the apparatus of death. Morning dawned, and as soon as I could gain an entrance, I repaired to the prison with a heavy heart. Elise was pale, but perfectly composed. After thanking me for the interest I had taken in her misfortune, she said "I have yet another favour to ask you: will you deliver these tokens of my affection to my dear parents and friends?" I promised to fulfil her last wishes, and she then gave me a number of little packages, a lock of hair to her parents, and a favourite brooch for Joseph. Her companions and fellow-servants were not forgotten. There was a cross for one; a string of amber beads for another; some little gift for every one. She also made me the bearer of a letter to Eric, to be given to him should his life and senses be spared. "Pardon me, sir," said she, with a smile, "for tasking your kindness so deeply; but I feared that if I addressed my dear brother on this subject, his grief would destroy the fortitude which I have struggled so severely to acquire."

Joseph now entered: but I shall pass over the scene that followed. It is many years since I witnessed it, but the recollection still brings tears to my eyes. As she was conducted to the scaffold, the whole spectators were in tears. Her youthful and modest appearance, her sweet and ingenuous countenance, and her air of resignation and piety, interested every heart: sobs and groans were heard through every part of the assembled multitude; women wept aloud, and many a grey-bearded man turned aside to dash away the large drops that fell from his eyes. The feelings of her brother almost baffled description. On first encountering the moving mass assembled to witness his sister's execution, Joseph looked around with an expression of fierceness and disdain; but on meeting their sympathising glances, and seeing the tears that bedewed their faces, his countenance changed, and he appeared nearly suffocated by emotion.

The fatal moment at length arrived; the term of her earthly sufferings was about to close, when a sudden tumult arose at the extremity of the crowd. I heard a confused murmur, which gradually increased in loudness. The sensation, as it soon appeared, was caused by the approach of an officer of government, bearing an order to release the culprit, a pardon having been granted in her favour, or rather, as it appeared, her innocence having been made ap-

parent. From gloom and sadness, all became suddenly joy and hilarious exclamation. I confess my inability to depict the scene which followed in a way it deserves to be portrayed. So let me explain in a few words the cause of so happy a termination to this singular drama.

Perhaps you may smile, gentlemen, when I inform you that the true culprit—the only robber of Madame Muller's premises—was discovered to be no one else than the cow which browsed in the paddock behind her mansion. Its voracity in seizing upon and swallowing articles certainly ill calculated to serve it for food, was discovered in time to save poor Elise's life. The animal was slaughtered; and in a cavity in its stomach was found the spoon which had been carried off so mysteriously; a fact which explained every thing else.

The news of this remarkable event, and the release of the deeply wronged Elise, were received by all classes of citizens with the utmost gratification. Crowds from all parts of the city—and, among the rest, Eric Polsen, who would permit no restraint on account of his recent illness—attended at the prison to congratulate the now fully acquitted Elise. A shout of joy met her ear, as she stepped forth hanging on the arm of her lover; the best men in the city shook her by the hand; her virtue and fortitude were the theme of every tongue; and when I departed from Copenhagen on my journey through Holstein to Keil, I had the exceeding pleasure of leaving her comfortably married, and restored to the affections of her parents.

#### CALICO-PRINTING.\*

CALICO-PRINTING is the art of applying one or more colours to particular parts of cloth, so as to represent leaves, flowers, &c., and the beauty depends partly on the elegance of the pattern, and partly upon the brilliancy and contrast of the colours. The process is not confined to cotton cloth, as the term *calico-printing* would lead us to suppose. It is applied also to linen, silk, and woollen cloth; but as the processes are in general the same, I shall satisfy myself with describing them as applied to cotton, because it is with them that I am best acquainted.

The general opinion is, that this ingenious art originated in India, and that it has been known in that country for a very long period. From a passage in Pliny, who probably composed his *Natural History* about the middle of the first century of the Christian era, it is evident that calico-printing was understood and practised in Egypt in his time, but unknown in Italy.

"There exists in Egypt," says he, "a wonderful method of dyeing. The white cloth is stained in various places, not with dye-stuffs, but with substances which have the property of absorbing (*firing*) colours. These applications are not visible upon the cloth; but when the pieces are dipped into a hot cauldron containing the dye, they are drawn out an instant after, dyed. The remarkable circumstance is, that though there be only one dye in the vat, yet different colours appear on the cloth; nor can the colours be again removed." That this description of Pliny applies to calico-printing, will be evident to every person who will take the trouble to read the account of the processes which we are going to give.

The colours applied to calico in India are beautiful and fast. The variety of their patterns, and the great number of colours which they understood how to fix on different parts of the cloth, gave to their printed calicoes a richness and a value of no ordinary kind. But their processes are so tedious, and their machinery so clumsy, that they could be employed only where labour is so cheap as to be scarcely any object to the manufacturer. It is little more than a century and a half since calico-printing was transferred from India to Europe, and little more than a century since it began to be understood in Great Britain. The European nations who have made the greatest progress in it, are Switzerland, France, especially in Alsace, some parts of Germany, Belgium, and Great Britain.

In Europe, the art has been in some measure created anew. By the application of machinery, and by the light thrown on the processes by the rapid improvements in chemistry, the tedious methods of the Indians have been wonderfully simplified; while the processes are remarkable for the rapidity with which they are executed, and for the beauty and variety and fastness of the colours.

I propose in this paper to give a sketch of the different processes of calico-printing, such as they are at present practised by the most skilful printers in Lancashire, and in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

The cotton cloth, after being woven, is subjected to

\* We have abridged this article from a most minute and scientific account of the art of calico-printing, given by Professor Thomson of Glasgow, in the first and third numbers of a periodical recently commenced, entitled "Records of General Science," to which we would refer our readers for much useful information relative to improvements in the arts and sciences.



several preliminary processes before it is fit for calico-printing. It will be sufficient merely to allude to them. They are *singeing* and *bleaching*. The singeing is intended to remove the fibres of cotton which protrude on the surface of the cloth. This is done by passing the cloth rapidly over the surface of a red-hot iron cylinder, which burns off all the hairs, or protruding fibres of the cotton, without injuring the cloth. Of late years, an ingenious coal-gas apparatus has been substituted for the red-hot iron, both in Manchester and Glasgow.

The bleaching of cotton consists essentially of four different processes:—1. The cloth is boiled with lime and water; it is then washed clean. 2. It is steeped for some hours in a solution of chloride of lime, or *bleaching powder*, as it is usually called. From this steep also it is washed clean. 3. It is boiled in a solution of American potash. After the duty was taken off common salt, carbonate of soda (and consequently caustic soda) became so cheap, that it gradually took the place of pearl ashes. 4. The cloth is now almost bleached; it requires only to be steeped in water holding in solution about four per cent. of sulphuric acid, to complete the process. Cotton cloth, at an average, takes about two days to bleach. But when there happens to be occasion for greater dispatch, it is no uncommon thing to complete the bleaching and calendering in twenty-four hours.

The cloth being bleached or prepared, is now ready for being subjected to the printing processes. There are two modes of printing, namely, *block-printing* and *cylinder-printing*. The former has been practised from time immemorial; the latter is a modern invention, and originated probably after the introduction of the art of printing into Great Britain.

The *block* is a piece of sycamore (or, more commonly, a fir board, on which a piece of sycamore is glued) on which the pattern intended to be printed on the cloth is cut. The parts which are to make the impression are left prominent, while the rest of the block is cut away, just as is practised for wood engravings. When the pattern is too complicated, and the lines too fine to be cut in wood, they are made by means of small pieces of copper drawn out into narrow ribbons of the requisite fineness; these are ingeniously driven into the block, and the intervals are filled up with felt. Great patience and ingenuity are displayed in making these blocks for use, and calico-printers are under the necessity of keeping a number of workmen, at high wages, for that express purpose.

The inventors and drawers of the patterns constitute another class of ingenious artists, in the pay of the calico-printers, at high wages.

The *cylinder* is a large cylinder of copper, about a yard in length, and four or five inches in diameter, upon which the pattern to be printed on the cloth is engraved. This cylinder is made to revolve, and press against the cloth, taking up the mordants or colours to be printed on the cloth as it revolves. By this ingenious contrivance, two or even three different colours are printed on the cloth at once, and the printing proceeds, without interruption, till a whole piece, or indeed any number of pieces attached to each other, are printed.

Another method of printing is almost the same as copperplate printing. The pattern is engraved upon a flat copper plate, a yard or more square. Upon this plate, the colour or mordant to be applied is spread. It is then pulled. As it passes along, an elastic steel plate, called a *doctor*, takes off all the colour, except that which fills the engraving. Being pressed against the cloth in the act of pulling, it prints upon it either in mordants or colours, as may be the impression of the pattern. Whether the printing is applied by the block, the cylinder, or the flat plate, the treatment of the goods is nearly the same.

Most commonly the printing process is employed to fix the mordants upon the cloth, which is afterwards dyed in the usual way. Those parts only retain the colour which have imbibed the mordant, while the other parts of the cloth remain white. Sometimes acids, or other substances, are printed on cloth already dyed, to remove the colour from certain portions of it which are to be left white, or to receive some other colour.

Occasionally, substances are printed on cloth before it is dipped into the indigo vat, to prevent the blue colour from becoming fixed on those parts to which they are applied. Substances possessed of these properties are called *resist pastes*. It is a very common practice to communicate mordants and colouring matters to cloth at the same time.

The term *mordant* is applied by dyers to certain substances with which the cloth is impregnated before it is dyed, otherwise the colour would not fix, but would disappear on washing or exposure to the light. The name was given by the French dyers (from the Latin word *mordere*, to bite), from a notion entertained by them that the action of mordants was mechanical, that they were of a corrosive or biting nature, and served merely to open the pores of the cloth, into which the colouring matter might insinuate itself. It is now understood that their action is chemical. They have an affinity to the cloth, which causes them to adhere to it; while the colouring matter has an affinity for, and adheres to, the mordant.

The usual mordants employed by the calico-printer are the three following:—1. *Alumina*, or the *alum mordant*, which is made by dissolving alum in water, and adding acetate of lime to the solution; 2. *Oxide of tin*;

and, 3. *Peroxide of iron*. These mordants fix the colours; and when the printers wish to discharge a colour from cloth, they employ something that will dissolve the mordant. The dischargers are either acids, or substances having a strong affinity for oxygen. The colouring matters which are employed are partly from vegetable, partly from metallic solutions; and they are less or more brought out by chemical action. A substance called *resist paste* is used to cover those parts of the cloth which are to remain white. The goods are passed through hot water containing cow-dung, and well washed before they are dried.

One of the most interesting processes in calico-printing is that which relates to the producing of bandana handkerchiefs, of a Turkey-red colour, embellished with white spots, stars, or crosses. The enormous trouble incurred in calico-printing may be understood by a perusal of the account of this process. What is called by the name of the *Turkey-red dye* has long been known in the Levant, and in different parts of Turkey. From that country it made its way to France, and about fifty years ago it was begun in Glasgow, by a Mr Papillon, who established a Turkey-red dyework along with Mr McIntosh. He made an agreement with the commissioners and trustees for manufactures in Scotland, that the process was to be by them published for the benefit of the public at the end of a certain term of years. Accordingly, in the year 1803, the trustees laid a minute account of the different steps before the public. The process has been followed in Glasgow ever since, and many improvements have been introduced. The method of discharging the colour was first practised on an extensive scale by Henry Montearth and Company, at Rutherglen Bridge. It is probable that the process was discovered by more than one individual about the same time. I know of at least three claimants; but not having the means of determining the priority of any of them, I think it better to avoid uncertain details.

The method of fixing the Turkey-red dye on cloth is complicated and tedious. I shall here give a sketch of the different steps, and explain them so far as they are understood.

1. The cloth is steeped in a weak alkaline ley, to remove the weaver's dressing. This is technically called the *rot steep*. Four or five pounds of caustic potash are generally employed for every 100 lbs. of cloth. The temperature of the solution is from 100° to 120°; the cloth is kept in the steep for 24 hours, and then well washed.

2. From 7 to 10 lbs. of carbonate of soda are dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water to keep the cloth (always supposed to weigh 100 lbs.) wet. In this solution the cloth is boiled for some time.

3. It is upon the third process that the beauty of the colour depends more than upon any other. Without it the dye cannot be produced upon new cloth; but when old cotton cloth that has been frequently washed (a cotton shirt for example) is to be dyed, this process may be omitted altogether.

A liquor is composed of the following ingredients:—1 gallon of gallipoli oil; 1½ gallon of soft sheep-dung; 4 gallons of a solution of carbonate of soda; 1 gallon of solution of pearl ash, mixed with a sufficient quantity of cold water to make up 22 gallons. This liquor has a milk-white appearance, and is in fact a kind of imperfect soap. It is put into a large wooden, open, cylindrical vessel called the liquor-tub, and is kept continually in motion (to prevent subsidence) by wooden levers, driven round in it by machinery. This liquor is conveyed by tin pipes to a kind of trough, in what is called the padding-machine, where the cloth is thoroughly soaked in it. The longer the cloth is allowed to remain impregnated with this liquor, the better does it take the dye. Fourteen days is the least period that this impregnation is allowed to remain.

The sheep-dung gives the cloth a green colour, and is found materially to assist the bleaching process to which it is afterwards subjected. It is found to increase the rapidity of the bleaching, especially when the cloth is exposed on the grass between the different operations.

4. In favourable weather the cloth impregnated with the imperfect soap of No. 3, is spread upon the grass to dry; but in rainy weather it is dried in the stove.

5. The cloth thus dried is a second time impregnated with the oleaginous liquid of No. 3. It is then dried again.—The impregnation and drying processes are repeated a third time.

6. The cloth is steeped in a weak solution of pearl ash, heated to the temperature of 120°. From this liquor it is wrung out and again dried.

7. A mixture is made of the following substances:—1 gallon gallipoli oil; 3 gallons soda ley; 1 gallon caustic potash ley, diluted with as much water as will make up the whole to 22 gallons. In this liquid it is soaked as it was with that of No. 3.

The cloth thus impregnated is in fine weather dried on the grass, in rainy weather in the stove.

8. The process No. 7 is repeated thrice, and after each soaking the cloth is exposed for some hours on the grass, and finally dried in the stove.

9. The cloth is steeped in a mixed ley of pearl ash and soda, of the specific gravity 1.01 to 1.0125, heated to the temperature of 120°. It is allowed to drain for some hours, and then well washed. It is then dried in the stove. The object of this process is to remove any superfluous oil which might adhere to the cloth. Should any such oil be present, the succeeding process, the galling, could not be accomplished.

10. For the galling, 18 lbs. of Aleppo galls are to be boiled for four or five hours in 25 gallons of water, till the bulk is reduced to about 20 gallons. This liquid, after straining, is strong enough to impregnate 100 lbs. of cloth, with the requisite quantity of nut galls. Of late years, sumach from Sicily has been substituted for nut galls; 33 lbs. of sumach being reckoned equivalent to 18 lbs. of nut galls. Sometimes a mixture of 9 lbs. of nut galls and 16½ lbs. of sumach is employed.

In this liquor, heated to 80° or 100°, the cloth is fully soaked. The sumach gives the cloth a yellow colour, which serves to improve the madder-red by rendering it more lively.

11. The next process is to fix the alumina on the cloth. This step (as has already been observed) is essential, because without it the madder dye would not remain fixed.

In this country, alum is used by the manufacturers; but in many parts of the Continent acetate of alumina is employed. To form the alum liquor of the Turkey-red dyers, to a solution of alum of the specific gravity 1.04, as much pearl ash, soda, or chalk, is added, as is sufficient to precipitate the alumina contained in the alum. Through this muddy liquor (which should have a temperature from 109° to 120°), the cloth is passed and steeped for twelve hours. The alumina is imbibed by the cloth, and unites with its fibres.

12. The cloth thus united with alumina is stove-dried, and then washed out of the alum liquor.

13. These essential preliminary steps having been taken, the cloth is ready to receive the red dye.

From 1 to 3 lbs. of madder, reduced to the state of powder, for every pound of cloth is employed; the quantity depending upon the shade of colour wanted. The cloth is entered into the boiler while the water is cold. It is made to boil in an hour, and the boiling is continued for two hours. During the whole of this time the cloth is passed through the dyeing liquor by means of the winch.

For every 25 lbs. of cloth dyed, one gallon of bullock's blood is added. This is the quantity of cloth dyed at once in a boiler. The addition of the blood is indispensable for obtaining a fine red colour. Many attempts have been made to leave it out, but they have been unsuccessful. I suspect that the colouring matter of blood is fixed upon the cloth. Its fine scarlet tint will doubtless improve the colour of madder-red.

14. Madder contains two colouring matters, a *brown* and a *red*. Both are fixed on the cloth by the dyeing process, giving the cloth a brownish red, and rather disagreeable colour. The brown colour is not nearly so fixed as the red. The object of the next process, called the *clearing process*, is to get rid of the brown colouring matter. The cloth is boiled for twelve or fourteen hours in a mixture of 5 lbs. soda, 8 lbs. soap, and from 16 to 18 gallons of residual liquid of No. 9, with a sufficient quantity of water. By this boiling the brown colouring matter is mostly removed, and the cloth begins to assume the fine tint which characterises Turkey-red dyed cloth. It is still farther improved by the next process.

15. Five or six pounds of soap, and from sixteen to eighteen ounces of protochloride of tin, in crystals, are dissolved in water in a globular boiler into which the cloth is put. The boiler is then covered with a lid, which fits close, and the boiling is conducted under the pressure of two atmospheres, or at the temperature of 250°. The boiler is furnished with a safety valve and a small conical pipe, the extremity of which has an opening of about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, from which there issues a constant stream of steam during the operation. The salt of tin is found materially to improve the colour. Probably the oxide of tin combines with the oleaginous acid of the soap (fixed in the cloth). This insoluble soap doubtless unites with the red colouring matter of the madder, and alters the shade.

16. After all these processes, the cloth is spread out on the grass, and exposed to the sun for a few days, which finishes the clearing.

Such is a very short but accurate sketch of the Turkey-red dyeing, as practised in the principal works in Glasgow. Many attempts have been made to shorten the processes, but hitherto without success. The impregnation with oil, or rather soap, is essential. If one, two, or three immersions be omitted, the red is inferior in proportion to the omissions. Doubtless this soap combines with and remains attached to the cloth. And the same remark applies to common soap.

Cloth bleached with chloride of lime does not produce a good red. Doubtless the fibres of the cotton wool combine with lime, or rather with sulphate of lime, which, by decomposing the oleaginous soap, prevents it from combining with cloth. But cloth bleached by the old process, namely, boiling in ley or soap, and exposure to the action of the sun, answers perfectly. The colours would be as good without the galls as with them; but there would be considerable difficulty in sufficiently impregnating the cloth with the alum liquor, without its being previously passed through the alum decoction, especially if the cloth be in the least degree greasy.

The whole cloth is dyed Turkey-red. The white stars or spots constitute an after process, and are formed by *discharging* the dye by means of water impregnated with *chlorine*. Fifteen pieces of cloth, dyed Turkey-red, are laid flat upon each other on a plate of lead of the size of the pocket-handkerchief.

Another plate of lead is laid over them, and the two plates are pressed violently together, either by means of screws, or, in the more perfect establishments, by the Bramah press, exerting a pressure of about 200 tons. Through the upper plate are cut holes corresponding exactly with the star, cross, &c. to be discharged on the cloth. A solution of bleaching powder, mixed with an acid to set the chlorine at liberty, is made to flow over the upper plate, and forced by ingenious contrivances to pass through the cavities cut in the plate. It penetrates through all the fifteen pieces of cloth, discharging the colour, while the violent pressure effectually prevents it from spreading to those parts of the cloth which are to retain the colour.

When this process was first put in practice, the edges of the holes in the lead were left sharp: the consequence of this was, that the violent pressure to which they were subjected caused them to cut the cloth, so that the whole spots soon fell out, leaving holes in their place. This was ascribed to the corrosive effect of the chlorine, whereas it was in reality owing to the bad construction of the leaden plates. Henry Monteth & Company were the first persons who manufactured these handkerchiefs, or bandanas, as they are called, and they realised by them a very large fortune.

### OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

NO. II.

#### THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

OF the English country gentleman of the time of Queen Anne, no better picture can be found than in those parts of the Spectator which relate to Sir Roger de Coverley, a favourite character of Addison. Sir Roger, it is true, is allowed to have a smack of eccentricity, and it is certain that some features of the country gentleman of the time are in him rather weakly brought out. Yet, as a whole, we believe the portraiture to be not only the best of its kind in existence, but one of the most delightful things in English literature. We therefore make no scruple of extracting from the well-known book in question, as much of the papers respecting Sir Roger as may be necessary to convey an idea of the person described in the above title.

"The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bullsey Dawson in a public coffeehouse for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house on a visit, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. I am the more at ease in his family, because it consists of sober and stayed persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his

brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the ruster even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe, with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenance of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat; some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood something of backgammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it; I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow, for it was Saturday night, told us, the Bishop of St Asaph in the morning, and Dr South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Sanderson, Dr Barrow, Dr Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's: it is usual in all other places that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place

themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission, and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time, he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him—

'SIR ROGER—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, WILLIAM WIMBLE.'

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows:—Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty, but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole county with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has 'made' himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring, as often as he meets them, how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at the sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned, but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of the pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long



account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary.

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain or thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry VII.'s time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader; besides that, the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the tilt-yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot; he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him in the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat, for they were rivals, and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffeehouse is now.

You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket hilt sword. The action at the tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children; and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand, allowing for the difference of the language, the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died unmarried; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families; the theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the flashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in, which to be sure was his own choosing; you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking as

it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer: he was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined every body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world; he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it, but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us—

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner:—"This man," pointing to him I looked at, "I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life; and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he had aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity."

The remaining traits of Sir Roger's character will form the subject of another paper.

#### THE TORPEDO, OR CRAMP-FISH.

SEVERAL kinds of fish are furnished with an electrical apparatus, which they can discharge at pleasure, for the manifest purpose of defence from the attacks of their enemies, and the providing of food; and among the numerous varieties of organs of protection which have been afforded to animal life, none are more calculated to excite our wonder and our admiration than this. We shall confine our remarks to the torpedo—a species of Ray, whose form, habits, and remarkable powers, have from the earliest ages occupied the attention of naturalists.

This fish is of a roundish or oval form; in length about two feet, and generally weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. Its usual colour is brown above and white beneath, which, however, varies with climate, sex, and age. Its head and mouth are small, and its teeth inconsiderable. It possesses neither sharp spines, horny scales, nor any other external means of defence. Small, feeble, indolent, and unarmed, it would seem an easy prey to the voracious monsters of the deep; but, independent of the cautious care with which it conceals itself among the sandy bottoms of the oceans, nature has provided it with a protecting power superior in extent and force to any external aids with which other fishes are supplied. It can hurl, as it were, the appalling thunder-bolt at its enemy; with the rapidity of lightning it can dart forth the electric fluid from its stores, and paralyse the strongest arm that is stretched forth to seize it, or the largest animal that would devour it. In seeking its prey, in a moment it can benu and render motionless an agile fish; sometimes it strikes its object at a considerable distance, alike impeding the efforts of those it would attack, and those from whom it would defend itself.

The organs possessing this strange power are easily to be recognised. On each side, near the skull and gill, there is placed a body, which consists of many hundred prisms of from three to six sides, which stand perpendicularly to, and close on, each other, extending from the skin below to the skin above, and bound firmly to it by cellular membrane; these are so many voltaic columns. If we examine these in a specimen which is fresh, or preserved in spirit of wine, we observe each prism to consist of a tube surrounded with nerves and vessels, with their membranous walls, in which are found a great number—according to Hunter, 150—of thin plates or partitions, difficult to sepa-

rate, and arranged in horizontal layers on one another, with an albuminous fluid contained between each. Todd considers the tubes as quite cylindrical, and that they have the appearance of corners merely as the consequence of the appending cellular membrane; but this is not the case. Girardi describes them as six-cornered generally, and now and then as four and five. Three large nerves are given off on both sides to these organs, dividing equally into parts, so that they penetrate the tubes horizontally, and are entwined around them in such a manner that each plate seems to receive its nerves as its vessels. In many of the prisms, connections between their nerves may also be pointed out. The number and size of these tubes appear to increase with the age of the animal.

Such is the instrument of protection which nature has given to the torpedo, and such the double seat of its electric powers. When advanced in age, the two organs are said to contain about 2400 tubes, which are very analogous to an electric battery, or the collection of Leyden jars, with which most persons are familiar.

The nature of the phenomena exhibited by the torpedo has not long been properly understood, or divested of the fabulous powers which superstition and ignorance had assigned to it. Redi, who wrote about the beginning of the last century, seems to be the first who entertained any thing like correct ideas upon the subject. He says, "Scarcely had I touched and grasped the fish in my hand, when I perceived a prickling sensation in the whole arm, soon followed by a very disagreeable trembling and acute pain in the elbow; in short, I was compelled to withdraw my hand. The same feelings were experienced as often as I touched the fish, but they decreased in power as its death approached." The force of the communicated shock is often very considerable; Reaumur placed a torpedo and a duck in a large tub of sea-water, so covered with wirework that the bird could not escape—in a few hours the duck was dead. As the science of electricity advanced, so did the knowledge of the nature of the phenomena we have described progress; almost each day explained something before unknown to us; and in 1774, Dr Bancroft and Mr Walsh ascertained that the power of the torpedo and the electric fluid were identical. It were unnecessary here to detail the series of experiments by which these naturalists arrived at this conclusion: they are such, however, as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the phenomena displayed by the fish being of the same nature as the electric fluid of the thunder cloud, and that it can be artificially obtained by proper instruments.

In conclusion, the torpedo is very generally distributed; it is found not only in the Mediterranean and the European seas, but in the Persian Gulf, the Pacific and Indian seas.

#### THOMAS THE RHYMER.

"THOMAS OF ERICLDOUN," otherwise called "Thomas the Rhymer," lived during the thirteenth century at a village now called Earlstoun, in the district of Lauderdale, in Berwickshire. The house which he is said to have occupied still exists in a ruinous state, on a haugh, or piece of alluvial ground, between the village and the neighbouring river Leader. From the appearance of the building—a small border tower, or house of defence—and from his still receiving, at Earlstoun, the popular designation of Laird Learmont, he would appear to have been, in the sense of those days, a gentleman, though probably only a small proprietor. A long metrical poem in the romance style, called *Sir Tristrem*, has been published by Sir Walter Scott, as a work of his composition, though it is denied to be such by Mr Park, in his edition of Warton. Whatever Thomas was in his own time, it is certain that he has ever since enjoyed the highest reputation as a prophet. That he died before 1299, is evident from a charter in which his son grants his paternal tenement in Earlstoun to the hospital of Sontra. Yet Barbour, in the poem of *The Bruce*, speaks of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer as referring to an event that took place in 1306. From that time almost to the present, his fame has never been allowed to fall asleep. Predictions attributed to him have come into vogue at almost every remarkable period of our history since the days of Bruce. His authority was employed in this manner to countenance the views of Edward III. against Scottish independency, to favour the ambitious aims of the Duke of Albany in the minority of James V., and to sustain the spirits of the nation under the harassing invasions of Henry VIII. A small volume of rhymes ascribed to him was published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, in 1615, and even at the present day hardly any remarkable event ever occurs, especially of the nature of a royal death, without some rhyme of "True Thomas" being either revived or created anew in reference to it, though, it must be allowed, only among the most ignorant of the people. His name and soothsaying character are known not only in the south of Scotland, where he formerly lived, but in the Highlands and remote Hebrides.

The common tradition respecting Thomas the Rhymer is, that he was carried off in early life to

Fairyland, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. There is an old ballad which describes him as meeting the queen of faery on Huntly Bank, a spot now included in the estate of Abbotsford, and as accompanying her fantastic majesty to that country, the journey to which is described with some sublimity:—

O they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring o' the sea.  
It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,  
And they waded through red blude aboon the knee;  
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,  
Runs through the springs o' that countrie.

At the end of seven years, Thomas is said to have returned to Earlstoun, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers. His favourite place of vaticination is said to have been at the Eildon Tree, an elevated spot on the opposite bank of the Tweed. At length, as he was one day making merry with his friends at a house in Earlstoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were compositely and slowly parading the street of the village. The Rhymer instantly rose, with the declaration that he had been long enough there, and, following the animals to the wild, was never more seen. It is alleged that he was now reclaimed by the fairy queen, in virtue of a contract entered into during his former visit to her dominions. It is highly probable that both the first and the second disappearances of Thomas were natural incidents, to which popular tradition has given an obscure and supernatural character.\*

While it is unquestionable that a person named Thomas of Ercildoune, or Thomas the Rhymer, lived at Earlstoun near the close of the thirteenth century, and was respected as a person possessing the gift of vaticination, it is equally certain that a considerable number of rhymes and other expressions, of an antique and primitive character, have been handed down as supposed to be uttered by him: of some of these we deem it by no means improbable that they sprung from the source to which they are ascribed, being in some instances only such exertions of foresight as might be expected from a man of cultivated intellect, and, in others, dreamy forebodings of evil, which never have been, and probably never will be, realised. For instance, Thomas is said to have foretold that

The waters shall wax, and the woods shall wene,  
Hill and moss will be torn in,  
But the banno' will ne'er be braider:

That is, simply, agriculture shall be extended, without increasing the food of the labourer; a proposition in which, so far as individuals are concerned, we fear there is only too much truth. He also said,

At Eildon Tree, if you shall be,  
A brig ower Tweed ye there may see.

Although, in the time of the Rhymer, there was no bridge over the Tweed, excepting that at Berwick, it might have been easy for any individual of more than usual sagacity to anticipate the erection of one near the Eildon Tree as a certain event. In fact, from that elevated spot, three or four bridges can now be seen. Upon an equally natural calculation of the changes produced by time, he uttered the plaintive prediction:

The hare shall kittle on my heath-stane,  
And there never will be a Laird Learmont again.

This emphatic image of desolation is said by the people of Earlstoun to have been realised within the memory of man, and at a period long subsequent to the termination of the race of Lennox.

Of rhymes foreboding evil, one of the most remarkable is a malediction against the old persecuting family of Home of Cowdenknowes—a place in the immediate neighbourhood of Thomas's castle:

Vengeance! vengeance!  
When and where?  
Upon the house of Cowdenknowes,  
Now and evermair!

This anathema, awful as the cry of blood, has been

\* It happens that this conjecture derives force from a particular circumstance connected with the history of the Rhymer. Sir Walter Scott concludes an account of Thomas in the *Border Minstrelsy*, by mentioning that "the veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of the Rhymer's tower. The name of this person was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge of simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard." This account, which the author seems to have taken up from popular hearsay, refers to Mr Patrick Murray, an enlightened and respectable medical practitioner, of good family connections, talents, and education, as he sufficiently proves to us by the fact of his having been on intimate terms with the elegant Earl of Marchmont. With other property, this gentleman possessed the tower of Thomas of Ercildoune, which was then a comfortable mansion, and where he pursued various studies of a philosophical kind, not very common in Scotland during the eighteenth century. He had made a considerable collection of natural objects, among which was an alligator, and, being fond of mechanical contrivances, in which he was himself an adept, he had not only a musical clock and an electrical machine, but a piece of mechanism connected with a weathercock, by which he could tell the direction of the wind without leaving his chamber. This, with the aid of his barometer, enabled him to guess at the weather as he sat in company, and no doubt served to impress the ignorant with an idea of his possessing supernatural powers. Such, we have been assured by a relative of Mr Murray, was the real person whom the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*—meaning of course no harm, but relying upon popular tradition—has described in such opposite terms. When we find a single age, and that the latest and most enlightened, so strangely distort and mystify the character of a philosophical country surgeon, can we doubt that five hundred years have played still stranger tricks with the history and character of Thomas the Rhymer?

accomplished in the extinction of the family, and the transference of the property to another race. The Rhymer is also stated to have foretold the battle of Bannockburn in the following enigmatical stanza:—

The burn o' breid  
Shall run fou reid.

The bread of Scotland being invariably of bannocks, the first of these lines seems designed to shadow forth the rivulet called Bannockburn. Another of his ill-boding verses was—

The horse shall gang on Carroside Brae,  
Till the girth gaw his sides in twae.

Carroside is a small estate near Earlstoun, and the seer seems to imply that the cutting of the horse by his girth shall be the result of a general famine. A rhyme to the effect that,

Between Seton and the sea,  
Mony a man shall die that day,

is incorporated in the long, irregular, and mystical poems which were published as the prophecies of Thomas, in 1615, and it has happened, by a strange chance, to be verified by the battle of Preston, in September 1745. To compensate, however, for this lucky shot, it is certain that many rhymes professedly by our hero were promulgated in consequence of particular events. The long uninterrupted line of male heirs who have possessed the estate of Bemerside, near Dryburgh, has evidently caused the following stanza to be placed to the credit of the Rhymer:—

Tide, tide, whate'er betide  
There'll be a Haig in Bemerside;

which, it seems, was in some danger of failing about a century ago, in consequence of the lady of Bemerside bringing her husband twelve daughters before any son, who, however, luckily came at last, to the saving of Thomas's character. Of the same sort is—

There shall a stone wi' Leader come,  
That'll make a rich father, but a poor son;

an allusion to the supposed limited advantage of the process of liming. The Highlanders have also found, since the recent changes of tenantry in their country, that Thomas predicted

That the teeth of the sheep shall lay the plough on the shelf.

One of Thomas's supposed prophecies is of a safer kind—

When Dee and Don shall run in one,  
And Tweed shall run in Tay,  
The bonnie water o' Urie  
Shall bear the Bass away.

The Bass is a conical mound rising from the bank of the Urie, in Aberdeenshire; and we may confidently conclude that it will remain intact by the river, so long as the Tweed and Tay shall continue separate.

The mention of an Aberdeenshire rhyme reminds us of a very interesting tradition of that country respecting the subject of our memoir. It is said that the walls of Fyvie Castle had stood for seven years and a day, wall-wide, waiting for the arrival of True Tammias, as he is called in Aberdeenshire. At length he suddenly appeared before the fair building, accompanied by a violent storm of wind and rain, which stripped the surrounding trees of their leaves, and shut the castle gates with a loud clash. But while this tempest was raging on all sides, it was observed, that, close by the spot where Thomas stood, there was not wind enough to shake a pile of grass, or move a hair of his beard. He denounced his wrath in the following lines:—

Fyvie, Fyvie, thou's never thrive,  
As lang's there's in thee stanes three;  
There's an intill the highest tower,  
There's an intill the lady's bower,  
There's an aneath the water yett,  
And thir three stanes ye's never get.

The usual prose comment states that two of these stones have been found, but that the third, beneath the gate leading to the Ythan, or water-gate, has hitherto baffled all search.

By far the most notable of all the prophecies of Thomas, is one which he is said to have uttered in anticipation of the accidental death of Alexander III., and which is related in more than one of our early historians. Alexander, it is well known, perished by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn, and, by the failure of his heirs, opened the way for a long and most disastrous war. On the day before the accident, Thomas, in conversation with the Earl of March, remarked that, fine as the weather seemed at present, there should be such a blast next day as Scotland had never before known. At noon, accordingly, on the ensuing day, while the earl was mocking him for the failure of his prediction, intelligence arrived of the death of the king, which the seer then explained to be the blast he had meant.

We shall now conclude with two or three additional anecdotes, which Mr Galt, the well-known author of the *Annals of the Parish*, has been so kind as to contribute to our columns. It will be observed that they are related in the manner of one of those homely and old-fashioned personages whom this gentleman has rendered so famous by his pen.

"One day as King Alexander III. was hunting in the woods which anciently covered the country near Kinghorn, and of which, in the names of different places, some memorial is still preserved, Thomas the Rhymer met him. The king's highness was riding on a sleigh horse, ill to bridle and perilous to guide,

and Thomas said to him, 'I redden you, sir, beware of that horse, for he'll be your death.' 'That he ne'er shall,' cried the king, and lopping off the saddle tree, he commanded the gavalling horse to be slain on the spot, and laughed, when the deed was done, at the seer's prophecy.

It came to pass, however, that exactly at the end of a twelvemonth and a day, the king was again hunting near the same spot, and the horse he was upon, seeing the white bones of the one that had been so unrighteously put to death, standing up ragged in his way, like the grinning and gumless teeth of death, boggled at them, and fled beyond the power of curb or rein, snorting and terrified, to the cliff, over which he sprang with the king, whose neck was broken by the fall, as is recorded in the vernacular chronicles of the time.

Few indeed are the prognostications of Thomas the Rhymer that have not been fulfilled, and happy it is for Scotland that the number of his outstanding prophecies are now drawing to an end. The last fulfilled happened in our own time. In the days of antiquity, Thomas said that

When the Forth and Clyde shall meet,  
Scotland shall begin to greet.

Now, no man in those days could have said that this was not rank nonsense; for how could two rivers, one running east and another running west, and high hills between their heads, ever forgather? But we have seen it come to pass. The Forth and Clyde Canal has married them, and no sooner was that done than came on the war against the French revolution, by which poor auld Scotland, 'my respected mither,' has had mair than sufficient cause to utter her plaints."

#### SEEKERS AND KEEPERS.

THE ordinary behaviour of these essentially distinct classes, is very different in reference to each other. An onlooker would say that the two parties are continually carrying on a sort of war—a system of attack and defence. The aim of craving poverty being always to get as much as it can from wealth, it is the object of the latter to baffle the incessant efforts of the insidious foe. The one party acts on the offensive, the other entirely on the principle of self-defence. The contest is not without its amusing points. Let any one just mark, if such an opportunity should be presented to him, the attitude, bearing, and expression, of a rich man (begging it to be understood, that we here, and throughout the whole of our observations, mean those only who are a little close-fisted or so) when suddenly addressed by a stranger in a shabby suit, a suspicious character—that is, one who is likely to be wanting something—and he will see a curious illustration of that sort of hostile feeling to which we have alluded.

The seeker, in the case which we are mentioning, approaches his object with insidious looks, and with much appearance of reverence and respect. This, however, his intended victim knows to be all humbug, and is not therefore to be deceived by it, or thrown by it for a moment off his guard. The latter, again, on being first accosted by such a suspicious-looking personage as we have described, expresses his sense of danger by a sudden start of alarm, accompanied by a scowl and a frown; and in the next instant he rapidly measures his antagonist from head to foot. Seeing at once by this scrutiny that the case is an exceedingly ugly one, and that it threatens unpleasant consequences, he resolves to brave it out; and with this view summons all his resolution, and calls into play all his repulsive resources, to meet the impending attack. Amongst the latter are his raising himself up to his fullest height, throwing an expression of severity into his countenance, and looking at the spoiler, as he conceives him to be, and as it is always safest to presume that such customers are, as if he could not imagine what he had to say to him. All this, with a commendable caution, he does before he has heard the communication about to be made to him; taking it for granted that a demand is impending, or conceiving that it is at any rate always best to be prepared for the worst.

If happily the communication turns out to have no reference whatever to his purse, he instantly unbends again, and is grateful for the narrow escape he has made; for he absolutely feels a strong sentiment of gratitude, at least for the moment, towards such persons as he suspected, and yet finds entertaining no designs on his pocket; he therefore treats him with extreme civility, and bestows on him some of his blindest smiles.

In the case, however, where the assailant's intentions are decidedly pecuniary, the matter proceeds very differently. The intended victim of the former's depredatory designs in such and all similar cases, assumes, as already said, the defensive attitude and



bearing described. But this does not by any means always dismay or disconcert the enemy. Urged by necessity, and prepared by experience for this sort of treatment, he remains firm, perseveres in pushing on the siege, and repeats his attacks again and again, and with increasing vigour. His opponent parries his thrusts as well as he can, and thus a regular battle ensues. Which may be the victim in the end, is left entirely in part to chance and in part to superior skill.

Rich men of the stamp of those alluded to, it may be observed, have a great respect and reverence for each other. They never speak of their wealthy brethren but in terms of the most profound veneration. An excellent, worthy man, most respectable man, a good man, an honest man, are amongst the very coldest phrases which they use on such occasions. In proportion, however, as these gentlemen esteem one another, do they detest and dread all persons in straitened circumstances. These they avoid on all occasions as they would the plague. Sensitive to a degree in all that relates to or affects the prime article, they abhor and eschew all civilities from their needy brethren, having an eye, very properly, to the probability of their being but snares to entrap them, which in truth there is no doubt they often are. This entails a necessity of their being constantly on the alert for fear of some sudden and unexpected inroad to which they are, it must be confessed, extremely liable, and that, too, often from the most unlooked-for quarters, and on the most unlikely occasions. They cannot, indeed, ever consider themselves perfectly safe from the class of seekers with whom they are surrounded, and who, if they are once permitted to ingratiate themselves, will stick to them like leeches. The rich man may be said to be sugared over, as it were, and thus becomes an object of attraction to the drone bees who infest the world, and who cluster about him in swarms, to spoil him of the sweets which he has gathered around him.

We have already said something of the defensive armour of wealth, and a little of the offensive weapons of poverty, but the latter will admit of a few more remarks. The style and character of the warfare of poverty is necessarily totally different from that of wealth. In the one case, it consists of open acts of hostility. In the other, every thing is done by sapping and mining—by soft speeches, lachrymose faces, melancholy stories, excessive civility, bowing, scraping, cringing, and all such gentle arts and winning ways; and it is amazing what an amount of success these apparently feeble weapons can command, what execution they will do when skillfully handled.

To all these insidious modes of attack wealth has only firmness to oppose, of which one very intelligible expression is, keeping his hands fast, and well thrust down into his pockets, and setting his lips firmly together; the whole being accompanied by a determined resolution to hold out to the last. In point of ingenuity, poverty has greatly the advantage of wealth; and no wonder, for it is constantly exercising it, and that, too, at the expense of the latter, who is never aware in what shape it is to rise up against him until he has been done. The rich man, in short, must be a sort of moral gladiator, and an expert one too; an adept at single-stick, and knowing in all the arts of self-defence; for his progress through life is little else than one continued struggle with those who have nothing, and who surround him wherever he goes; cutting and thrusting at him from all sides. He would in fact require to have little else to do than to defend himself from his hungry assailants, who are constantly on the alert, and ready to avail themselves of every the slightest opportunity that may present itself to pounce upon him, and it will take all his skill and all his resolution to baffle their attempts; for he has no sooner got quit of one by a well-planted hit, than another and another start up to carry on the contest, and to keep him in wind. To attempt to buy them off in place of fighting them, only makes things worse. It is the easiest way at first to be sure, but in the long run it increases their numbers tenfold.

In consequence of leading this sort of life, the wealthy man, after having advanced somewhat in years, is found to present certain characteristics very much resembling those that distinguish an old soldier who has been campaigning it all his lifetime. He is erect in his gait, stern and prompt in his manner, and has an eye as quick and vigilant as if he were always in the presence of the enemy.

For ourselves, as we have a great sympathy for wealthy men who are particularly careful of their gear, we take the trouble of subjoining a few rules for their guidance in the art of keeping, which we think they will find useful.

Rule first.—When you speak complainingly or to any one who annoys you by seeking pecuniary assistance from you, never name the word money—never breathe it. Never say that it is your unwillingness to part with this, that is the real cause of your displeasure. Call it trouble; say they trouble you, or are very troublesome to you. This is a nice delicate word, and by using it you have your generosity unimpeachable. It is true, the actual amount of trouble which your applicant would put you to is nothing: it would be only to put your hand in your pocket. But never mind this. There is no necessity for attending to nice distinctions of language in such cases.

Rule second.—If you should ever have occasion at any time to borrow forty or fifty pounds or so, for a

few hours—which will happen on some unexpected emergencies, especially if you be in business, such as the case of a demand coming upon you after bank hours, and which you are yet desirous to settle instantaneously—always apply to the wealthiest friend in your neighbourhood. This, you will say, you would naturally do of your own accord, as being the most likely place to obtain what you wanted. So it is, certainly; but this is but a secondary consideration compared to that which we are about to state, and for the illustration of which, this rule was expressly written.

By going to a wealthy man for such a temporary accommodation, you preclude the chance, in a great measure, of a repayment in kind, of the favour being demanded. Now, if you borrowed, on such an occasion, from a man in straitened circumstances, he would to a certainty avail himself of the obligation he had conferred, and would be at you for a loan, which you could not well refuse him, in less than a week. This annoyance, and imminent danger to boot—for very likely you might never see your money again—you will altogether avoid by adopting the course pointed out. We once knew a very respectable and worthy person who invariably acted on this rule to his own great advantage and comfort, and to him we now acknowledge ourselves indebted for it.

Rule third.—Avoid all civilities from persons in pecuniary difficulties. Accept of no favours at their hands, of any kind, as you value your money; but above all things, take no presents from them. A hare, in this way, might cost you £50—a couple of partridges, or a pheasant, probably double that sum. Indeed, there is no saying what they might stand you. Eschew them, therefore, by all means.

Dinners, too, are dangerous things. Avoid these also, unless you are perfectly sure of your men. Better dine on turtle soup every day at one of the first hotels in town, than dine with such persons as we have been speaking of. In the one case you will be, you may depend upon it, much cheaper than in the other in the end; or your entertainers will, almost to a dead certainty, one day or other borrow from you. Your dinners, therefore (or a day's residence now and then with them, if they stay in the country), may thus ultimately cost you, at the lowest calculation, probably somewhere about twenty guineas each. Take care, then, what you are about.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER IN THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

[From the Calcutta Literary Gazette.]

It is now fifteen years since I descended from the sphere of *gentility* in which I was born and educated, and became a soldier in the Bombay artillery. The death of my father, a lawyer of considerable practice, had placed my mother in circumstances of great difficulty, which the wretched pittance of £20 a-year I was receiving as a wine-merchant's clerk, did not enable me to alleviate. I felt that I was still a burden to her, a draft on her slender resources she was ill able to acknowledge; and I cast about night and day for an opportunity of relieving her of my presence, little deeming that in doing so I should increase her load of suffering while I eased her pocket. After a month spent in fruitless schemes, my attention was attracted to a blue placard, on a wall near our house at Camberwell, inviting "intelligent and active young men" to enter the service of the East India Company, where the reward of "high-spirited" conduct was to be a "beautiful and fertile climate" and "respectable situations." This fixed my resolution. The next day I was at Soho Square, measured, described—blue eyes, fair hair, five feet seven, fine complexion (I never knew till then I was so handsome), and enlisted; Sergeant-Major King assured me I could not fail to get made a *writer* directly I arrived in India, and the sergeant who took me before a magistrate to be attested would not allow me to walk with the other recruits, "because," said he, "you are a gentleman."

He spoke correctly—true enough they were but a ragged crew, "but a shirt and a half in the whole company," yet I was not then aware how soon blue jackets and pepper and salt unmentionables, felt castors and a firelock, would place us on an equality, and merge my gentility into "No. 10 of the rear rank"—their vulgarity and superior stature into "Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the front." We were attested, and I thought the magistrate looked upon me with an eye of compassion, somewhat offensive to my *military* pride. The party then repaired to a public-house, and the shillings were devoted to beer in pewter pots and beefsteaks in wooden bowls. There was something so repulsively anti-aristocratic in the whole business, that I paid my quota in advance, and took my leave. Returning to Soho Square, I asked the sergeant-major what was the next step in my new career, and was informed that I must repair to Chatham; that the *carminet* recruits would be sent down to Gravesend in a packet under the charge of the sergeant, but that I—oh blest prerogative of gentle blood!—might go down alone, so that I did not delay my departure above a week. I thanked the sergeant-major for his indulgent behaviour, and went home. I imagined I had hit the nail on the head. My fortune, thought I, is made: the Company seem to set a proper value on gentlemen soldiers, and know when they have got a prize. Little did I then dream that all this blarney of Mr King's was but to blind me to the real state of affairs until I

was too deeply into the mire to get out again; little did I suppose that the discourse of gentility was, as the sergeant-major himself would Hiberniously have expressed it, all "blather and skite!" I left my home, wrote a letter to my dear mother, and went down to Chatham. Inquiring for the barracks, I was shown up a hill, and after walking half a mile, found myself in the middle of a spacious parade ground, where a band was playing, and a number of *officers and ladies* were walking about on a terrace above—a number of *men and women* were straggling on the trottoir below. Accosting a young officer of his majesty's 90th light infantry, I begged to know which were the Company's soldiers—upon which he pointed out a few cadets of engineers who were doing duty with the sappers and miners. I surveyed them for some time, and at last ventured to ask one if he belonged to the artillery, and to tell me where I was to get lodged, clothed, &c. He inquired into the particulars of my *ordination*, and on being told the story of the sergeant-major and the shilling, and the steaks, and the Gravesend boat, assumed an incomprehensible, supercilious air, and said "Oh, my man (there was a cut) you had better go to Sergeant-Major Juneau!" and wheeling on his heel, he walked away. Now, as I did not know Mr Juneau from the Bishop of London, I waited till dusk, slunk out of the barrack-yard, supped at Brompton, and early next morning returned to the barracks, and asked a sentry at the gate. He, however, made no reply, but "Och! are ye not a broth of a boy to be spaking to a man on his post?" Determined not to be daunted, I walked on; and at the first turning, or division (as I afterwards found it was called), found a little red-faced, grey-haired, smug gentleman in a red coat covered with gold lace, and a blue cloth cap similarly adorned. "Pray, sir," said I, in a peculiarly mellifluous tone of voice, "can you direct me to one Mr Juneau?" "I am he," answered the interrogated; "what do you want?" I explained the situation in which I stood, and my wishes in regard to costume, refection, and quarters. "Oh," said my friend, "you are one of the new squad; I'll see to you, my man (my man again!) Here, Sergeant McLeod (this to a brawny Scot with iron features and a sharp grey eye), let this recruit mess and sleep with you till his party can be numbered off, and let Drummer Wilson crop his wig!" Did I hear rightly?—squad—recruit—numbered off—sleep with a Scotch sergeant—and be cropped by a drum-boy! "Mr Juneau," said I, half apprehensive, "I imagine you are under a mistake: I am going out to be a *writer*; I am not *exactly* on a footing with the rest," for so the Soho sergeant had taught me. "A writer! you shall be governor of the Ingess if you like, when you get there; but while here, you must obey orders, and do your duty like a man: come, be off!" You might have knocked me down with a feather—annihilated me with a straw; but I saw the whole truth at a glance, and, wondering at the dimness of my perception hitherto, surrendered myself quietly, and went like a calf to the sacrifice. In a little week, yea, but a week, I was cropped as close as a mangey dog, wore coarse habiliments, had learnt the use of pipeclay—could turn to the right and turn to the left—had sold my hat to the pie-man, my coat to milk-ho!—and had discovered the legitimate absorber of a soldier's mess coppers to be—the canteen. It was in the month of May, the last draft of recruits had just sailed for Bengal, and the depot was destitute of more than a dozen hands. But each week now brought new levies, and it was no small subject of satisfaction to me that one or two out of every party proved to be a *gentleman*, or at least a gentleman's son, victims of fallacy, guile, caught by the sergeant-major, and his accessory, blue handbills. I say it was a source of pleasure to me, for I longed for a few companions of genial sentiments and tolerable information, though I could not but sympathise with them in the deception they one and all felt had been too surely practised. There were among them decayed merchants, ruined Irish attorneys, medical men who had struggled vainly for practice, and military and naval officers who had on various grounds forfeited their commissions—clerks, tradesmen, and mechanics—and though a censorious world would sanction the conclusion, that where there was so much adversity, there must have been much dereliction of principle, it was impossible for a feeling mind to contemplate the hourly humiliation of the well-born and the well-bred, without deep regret and fervent resentment.

I pass over the account of our dispatch to Bombay along with the squad to which I was attached. We landed, and were afterwards marched off to our cantonments. The fatigue of a ten-mile march, and the exhaustion of spirits produced by the excited state of my feelings, sent me to sleep. When I awoke the next morning, it was not to mourn my desolate condition, but to inquire how far, on the whole, I had a right to complain of a situation in which I had voluntarily placed myself. The East India Company had held out certain promises in their blue bills, and, on the strength of them, I had sold my liberty and my services. Had those promises been violated? I could not deny the *fertility of the climate*—that was one inducement to expatriation; I could not gainsay the *respectability* of the situations open to soldiers of intelligence; for though this respectability was but *comparative*, yet the integrity of the title remained unaffected. The Company, therefore, had used no unfair means to seduce me into their employ. In

less than a month I was engaged in the practical duties of a gunner, and could fire a mortar without wincing. Having a good hand of write, I was soon chosen by the adjutant to be his clerk. Very soon after this my promotion, the Bombay government, in the month of October, determined to send an expedition to the Persian Gulf, in order to put an end to the piratical doings of the Joasmees. Volunteers being invited, I gladly seized the opportunity of seeing a little service, and of visiting a part of the world in which it might not be my fortune to be again thrown. Moreover, life in cantonments was sadly monotonous, for then we had no libraries or newspapers, as now—no canteens, no institutions for the acquirement of mathematical and geometrical knowledge. I accordingly enrolled myself amongst the volunteers. We were all full of hope—buoyant with expectation—and not a little elevated in the eyes of our comrades; for it was known that we were now going to deal with an enemy, who, though equally undisciplined with the Maharatta, was possessed of more bravery, and likely to offer much more vigorous opposition to our invasion. On the day fixed by government, we marched down to the presidency, and embarked under the eyes of Sir William Grant Keir, the officer commanding the expedition, on board one of the spacious vessels in the country trade, which had been taken up as a transport. The same evening we sailed with a favourable breeze—twelve fine large ships under convoy of a British man-of-war, and bearing five thousand fighting men, nearly two thousand five hundred of whom were Europeans. In the course of ten days we reached Muscat, and were joined by a considerable nautical force of the Imam of Muscat, and in ten more we were in sight of the fort of Ras-el-khyma, the stronghold of the Joasmees Arabs. The vessels in the van now lay to until all the rest were in sight, when signals were made to rendezvous at a particular spot within a moderate distance of the fortress. It was evening when all the ships joined, and one or two days before any preparation could be made for landing.

In the meantime, the Arabs were mustering in strong force, and strengthening their fortifications, evidently anticipating an awful attack. Early on the third morning of our arrival, the landing commenced, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm that prevailed fore and aft in our vessel! While the flank companies of his majesty's 47th and 65th regiments were going off to skirmish and clear the ground, we of the artillery were getting our howitzers into the boats, and succeeded in reaching the shore very shortly after the skirmishers. Captain Collier, of his majesty's ship *Liverpool*, had sent several of his seamen to assist in the labour of landing the guns, erecting batteries, and planting our artillery; and it was really as much as we could do to get through the work for laughter. Jack's singular oaths, his aspirations after the eternal condemnation of the Arabs, his ship-shape mode of doing business, exhibiting so striking a contrast to our military proceedings, were all so many subjects of diversion, and tended to impede while they lightened labour. By the evening of the first day, we had got up a stout four-gun battery, for the beach, being sandy, supplied us with plenty of pabulum for our bags and baskets; we had, moreover, landed a very large proportion of our troops. The Arabs molested us a good deal while we were at work, but the activity of the flank companies, who in the course of the day received support and relief from the sepooy regiments, sufficiently punished them for their temerity, and prevented their offering any very serious obstruction.

Night fell, and the picquets being placed with orders to keep a sharp look-out, we lay down on our sand-bags to repose preparatory to the siege, which was to commence on the morrow. In a few hours sleep and silence pervaded the camp; not a sound was to be heard but the "All's Well!" of the picquets, and the occasional tramp of the relief. It was very dark, and might have been near midnight, when all on a sudden, a faint cry followed by a groan was heard near our battery; then another cry, then a shot—two—three shots. In an instant we were all on our legs, and mingling in a bloody fray. It was impossible to distinguish friend from foe in the dreadful confusion and obscurity that prevailed. The powerful principle of self-preservation, however, was soon in operation, and the countersign of the night quickly adopted as the only means of warding off a comrade's thrust or a comrade's blow. The enemy had surprised our camp—"Ullah-ill-Ullah!" and "Bismillah!" mingled with the watchword and "England for ever," and the din and clash of arms, accompanied by the hollow drum, the bugle, the hurrah of the sailor, and the authoritative shouts of the centurion, announced the dire conflict of Moslem and of Christian. The strife lasted for an hour, by the end of which time scarcely a foe was to be found in the camp; a muster then took place, and the troops were kept under arms until daylight, when a sad picture presented itself. No less than eight of our company—a great number when the numerical strength of the artillery is considered—lay stretched in their gore. Five of them had evidently been killed before they had had time to shake off the lethargy of slumber; but the other three lay with their swords in their hands, which bore indubitable marks of having been steeped in the blood of their adversaries. One of them, a remarkably fine lad named D—t, lay on his antagonist—his bloody fingers grasping the throat of the Arab, his sword through

the Arab's body—while the Islamite's weapon, stained with red, showed what arm had inflicted the death wound on poor D.'s head. It was a horrible picture. The picquets, it appeared, had been stolen upon by the Arabs on all fours, and mortal wounds in many instances inflicted before they could have been aware of the proximity of an enemy.

The blow we had received during the night was a spur to our exertions: it showed us the daring kind of opponent we had to deal with, and added a zest to our spirit of hostility. With the dawn we commenced battering the fortress, and made breaches in two of the curtains. The enemy answered us vigorously, and one of their earliest shots killed the gallant Major Molesworth, of his majesty's 47th regiment. By the next morning, however, with the help of a smaller mortar battery, we had completely laid open all the towers, upon which a chosen storming party advanced, and in a brief space cleared the ramparts of the besieged, and planted the British standard. The main body of the force then invested the town, and a scene of plunder took place more gratifying to our individual cupidity than creditable to our national character. It is due to the gallant Sir W. G. Keir to say that the pillaging part of the story was entirely opposed to his orders, and was merely overlooked by him in consideration of what we endured, and of the trifling nature of the prizes thus obtained. A few Persian carpets, and some bags of Venetians, constituted the sum total of the captured property.

Many acts of gallantry distinguished the siege and storming of Ras-el-khyma, but it would be difficult for one who was himself deeply engaged throughout the day to enumerate them. We levelled the fortress to the dust, then proceeded to destroy other small defences, burnt all the dows and piratical vessels that could be found, and compelled the chiefs of the Joasmees to agree to certain obligations which involved the future cessation of piracy. This being done, and a corps of observation being left on the island of Kishma, in the Persian Gulf, the force returned to Bombay, to receive the thanks of the government and the applause of our countrymen. Considerable prize-money was subsequently distributed, but the share of the poor soldier was as usual but a miserable mite compared with the lion's portion.

I was now to all intents and purposes a soldier—I could speak of "salutes and retires," of the ear-piercing fife, the cannon's roar, of "bloody noses and cracked crowns." I had moreover attained the rank of sergeant, and affected no dislike to "Bencoolen's nectar." Gentility and gentlemanly nicety—in short, every sentiment of delicacy and vestige of sensibility, had been blunted or effaced, and I now looked to the rank of conductor, not as a piece of promotion that would raise me nearer to the level of a gentleman, but as a step that was valuable only in proportion as it augmented my authority, for which I had acquired a vulgar kind of passion. Months passed away, during which I held charge of a small detachment in a very healthy part of the coast, Severndroog; and I had begun to entertain some hope of being removed to the duties of the arsenal, when an order was received for the immediate departure of the detachment to join a second expedition to the Persian Gulf. It seems the Arabs had violated their treaty, and falling upon the small force we had left behind, had all but annihilated it. To avenge this outrage, another expedition was fitted out. I will not trouble the reader with its details. We suffered severe loss, particularly in another night attack, but did not leave the Gulf until every atom of the Islamite power had been swept away.

Over the rest of my recollections I am anxious to draw a veil. One of my most intimate friends, who had for some time, from loss of heart in his situation, taken to drinking, died of a diseased leg, and in a state of horrible ebriety. My own taste for the bottle had, I am ashamed to confess, fearfully increased, and being on more than one occasion somewhat disguised during the performance of my duty, I was placed under arrest, tried by a court-martial, and reduced to the grade of gunner. From that moment I lost all self-respect. I now do my duty sullenly and mechanically. My evil propensities cling to me in spite of manifold virtuous endeavours to cast them off; and I look forward with anxiety to the expiration of my period of service, and my consequent transmission to England on one shilling per day.

Reader, my story conveys a moral and a precept, which, if your sagacity has not helped you to discover them, I will here propound:—

"Pitch defileth—evil communication corrupts good manners." This is the moral of my tale.

"Enter not into obligations with the hope of being able to evade the performance of your share of the contract." There is my precept; I prithee cherish it.

A SENTINEL.

Poonah, November 1832.

IMITATION OF A COW.—Mr James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Dr Johnson, when a young man, went to the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, in company with Dr Blair, and, in a frolic, imitated the lowing of a cow; and the universal cry in the galleries was, "Encore the cow! encore the cow!" This was complied with; and in the pride of success, Mr Boswell attempted to imitate some other animal, but with less success. Dr Blair, anxious for the fame of his friend, addressed him thus—"My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow."

#### RUSSIAN COINAGE.

The mint at St Petersburg is well arranged. The machinery and superintendants are English. The former was made by Bolton and Watt of London, after the model of that used in our own mint. Wherever an Englishman goes, he cannot fail to remark the preference given to the artificers, machinery, and manufactures of his country. In nearly all the large institutions of this metropolis, the superintendants are Scotch or English; and their steam-engines, as well as most other articles of machinery, have been imported from England. The labourers in the mint are serfs (or slaves) of the emperor. We were detained till their dinner hour, and witnessed a painful process, derogatory to the dignity of more civilised Europeans. All the native workmen were clothed in very thin white jackets and linen trousers, without pockets. As they moved in files from the laboratory to the dining-room, each serf was examined by a police-officer, who passed his hands over the whole of the man's body, from the crown of the head to the feet, to ascertain if he had any coin secreted in his hair or dress. At night, when the workmen leave the house, they are stripped to the skin and go out in other clothes; at the end of the year those they have been in the habit of wearing are burnt, to obtain the particles of metal adhering to the fibres of the cloth. While a manifestation of respect sometimes teaches men to respect themselves, habitual distrust necessarily engenders disregard of that virtue. Hence the Russians are faithless. The coin commonly current in Russia is a ruble, divided into a hundred copper kopecks. Of this there are two sorts, the paper and the silver ruble; the former nearly equal in value to elevenpence of our money, the latter to three shillings and fourpence. Originally, the one was merely a representative of the other; but latterly, paper has been so depreciated by an excess of issue and other causes, that its value has been diminished in the proportion just stated. In the middle of the seventeenth century, bars of silver were used instead of coins. These were marked at regular distances with notches, or *rubli*, according to which a greater or less portion of the bar was cut off to settle an account. The word *kopeck* is derived from *kopea*, a spear, because formerly the copper coin was stamped with an impression of St George spearing the dragon. I have seen no gold in the country. A platinum coin has been lately struck, but the value of that metal having been depreciated by a large importation from America, it has never been issued.—*Elliot's Travels in the North of Europe.*

#### IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.

[By Thomas Randolph, an English poet, 1640.]

Let not passion's force so powerful be,  
Over thy reason, soul, and liberty,  
As to ensnare thee to a married life,  
Ere thou art able to maintain a wife.  
Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face;  
She cannot clothe thee with a poor embrace.  
Thy self being yet alone, and but one still,  
With patience could endure the worst of ill.  
When fortune frowns, one to the wars may go,  
To fight against his foes and fortunes too.  
But, oh! the grief were treble for to see  
Thy wretched bride half pin'd with poverty.  
To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,  
And thou not able to relieve their want.  
The poorest beggar, when he's dead and gone,  
Is rich as he that sits upon a throne.  
But he, who, having no estate whilst wed,  
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

#### LINES ON DRUNKENNESS.

[By the same.]

Fly, drunkenness, whose vile incontinence  
Takes both away the reason and the sense,  
Till with deep-drowning cups thy mind's possesser,  
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.  
Think whilst thou swallowest the capacious bowl,  
Thou let'st in seas to wreck and drown the soul.  
Consider how it soon destroys the grace  
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face:  
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,  
Studding the face with vicious heraldry.  
What pearls and rubies doth the wine disclose,  
Making the purse poor to enrich the nose!  
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,  
Drawing some sickness into every part!  
The veins do fill, glutted with vicious food,  
And quickly fevers the distempered blood.  
The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand,  
Lam'd with the gout; the palsy shakes the hand.  
And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,  
Do, bladder like, puff up the dropsical skin.  
It weakens the brain, it spoils the memory,  
Hasting on age, and wilful poverty.  
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name  
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.  
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,  
Upon presumption of a stronger brain.  
For he that holds more wine than others can,  
I rather count a hoghead than a man.

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